

# Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY

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### TERMS.

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For the Christian Secretary.

### THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

Concerning the doctrine of election, we know that some are chosen of God to eternal life through Jesus Christ, (Eph. 1: 5), who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world. (1 Pet. 1: 20.) Here we see that God knew from before the foundation of the world, who would be a Mediator between him and an offending world; and says Paul in reference to this and the election of the saints, 'he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world,' (Eph. 1: 4.) And in another place he says, God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation.—(1 Thes. 2: 13.) And we learn from the reading of the Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation, that God has always had respect for his elect or chosen people; for, says another apostle speaking of the calamities of the Jews, for the elect's sake whom he hath chosen, he hath shortened those days, (Matt. 24: 22); that is, the days of affliction spoken of by Daniel the prophet. Paul also, speaking in reference to himself as one of God's elect, says, 'in hope of eternal life which God who can not lie, promised before the world began.' (Tit. 1: 2.) Here then we learn that Paul was chosen of God before the world was. Now does this make the condition of others any worse? Because twelve apostles were chosen, did this make the condition of others any worse? If one man be exalted without altering the condition of others, we conclude they may be exalted in due time, at least, in no way injures them.

Now at the first view of the preceding it would appear as though some were ordained to eternal life, while others were predestined to eternal misery. But this does not appear to be in union with the Divine economy, for says God by the mouth of the prophet, 'Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved.' (Is. 45: 22.) The invitation is given to all, not a part only, but the whole human family. The language of Christ is, 'come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' (Matt. 11: 28.) Here, again, all are invited to come to the Saviour and to our God who will abundantly pardon. Every one's reason is sufficient to teach him that if God invites all, there is an opportunity for all to come. But every one has a will by which they are governed, which is naturally evil. The natural heart is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

Christ in his lamentation over Jerusalem, says, 'how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not.' (Luke 13: 34.) Here we see the will of Christ that they should turn from their sins; but their will was in direct opposition to the will of Christ. We will not have this man to reign over us. (Lu. 19: 14.) Again, 'for I came from heaven not to do mine own will but the will of him that sent me.' (Jno. 6: 38.) 'and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' (Jno. 6: 37.) From this we see that salvation is offered to all on the terms of the gospel, and because God foreknew that some would be Christians, would accept the terms of salvation, it does not exclude others; and here we are invited to make our calling and election sure, knowing that if we do the things commanded, we shall never fail.

But grace is free to all, and the freeness of it is compared to water. 'The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely.' (Rev. 22: 17.)

The beautiful manner in which the Revelator closes, is enough to show us the freeness of this grace, for he says, 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.' And does not the grace of God through Jesus Christ to the sanctification of the soul, appear equally free to all the human family, which are disposed to accept of it on the terms of the gospel; for he says, 'and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Whoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' W. W. M.

From the New York Evangelist.

### SATAN A SIFTER.

He sifted Peter as wheat. And it was not the first nor the last business of that kind that he has had a hand in. He has been prowling all the world over with his sieve; never far, nor long, from any place where there was anybody to sift. There are two uncomfortable things, and several comfortable things about this agency of his, which I shall take the liberty to mention.

1. It is a sorrowful circumstance that the people of God should need sifting at all. The seed sown was good, and the sower did his work well. But, in spite of all, the crop is not what it ought to have been. It cannot be taken directly to the granary. It is not fit for it without a separating process.

2. It is sorrowful, that there is not a more respectable character to do the sifting. But the disciples will not more than half do the work, if left to themselves. It requires so much self-denial to penetrate the depths of one's soul with divine truth, explore its hidden recesses, and rigorously and impartially judge one's own spirit, that many are backward to do the thing thoroughly. And the disci-

ples are too timid, or too indulgent, to do it for each other. Hence rather than there should be no sifting, which would spoil the crop, Satan gets something to do. He has a bad name, and would be kept out of the vineyard, were it not that somebody must use the sieve. Better there should be such a sifter, than to have no sifting.

Now for the consolations:

1. The sifting is well done. There has been no complaint since the world began, that any disciple Satan got fairly into his sieve, did not have thorough work done with him. There is no mistake about Job's case, and none about Peter's. If he does not find out what manner of spirit a man is of, and make the man himself, and all the world know too, I have given him more than his due. That old sieve of his—he has got the hang of it completely. He has shaken so many of the saints in it, that he understands the business perfectly. I never knew any one, that had been in the sieve, that had a word of disparagement of Satan's skill in the use of it. They hated the old scavenger most cordially for his rough usage; but they had to give in that they had been well sifted.

2. The sifting did the saint good. If he had not needed it, he would not have had it. There was pride to be humbled, covetousness to be rebuked, love of the world to be quenched, spiritual stupor to be broken up—some of these things, or all of them, were needed to make him a better disciple. Sifting was the thing. And, indeed though he was that used the sieve, yet good was accomplished. The process, though painful, was humbling and purifying. In the end, character was elevated, and spiritual joy and usefulness augmented.

3. The church too got a blessing out of the sifting. She gets a blessing by every thing that makes any of her members wiser and better. Her light, beauty and strength, is that of individual members. And Satan never gave one of them a good sifting without doing the church a kindness. If his sifting showed there was no wheat at all, and caused the breaking off of the unfruitful branch, that was a blessing. And if the sifting showed there was wheat, and led to its increase, that was a blessing. I should like to see a man who should deny that the sifting Peter had was not a blessing to the church.

4. And a well-sifted disciple is a blessing to the world. His light shines. His character is more fragrant and beautiful, and more effective in producing valuable impressions upon the minds of sinners.

5. There is one comfort more about the sifting business, and that is, that Satan never does any work of this kind for the people of God, that does not turn out for his own confusion. It is no benevolence in him to use his sieve; and he never got a saint into it, whose piety he did not mean to shake out of him. Look at Peter once more.—The Old sifter thought that he could give him such a tossing, that if he could not spoil his Christianity utterly, he should, at least, so bewilder him that he would discern the truth less clearly, and use his spiritual weapons less skillfully. But what strength, after that sifting, did he bring to his bow, and how surely directed were his arrows. Satan sifted his timidity and worldliness out of him; and transformed a feeble and irresolute disciple into one with a lion's heart. He thus caused one, who had previously emitted sparks only, to send firebrands into his own camp.

Disciples can learn from all this how to buffet Satan. They have been most painfully buffeted by him, and it is no harm to take the kind of vengeance hereby suggested. He would sift them as wheat, would he? That he would; but let him find nothing to sift. Let them so examine themselves, and so sift all the wrong out of their hearts, that when Satan comes he will find nothing to do. His old sieve will not accomplish much with a well watched and holy heart. He may rattle it frightfully, and roar like a demon; but the faithful disciple will not be anything more than frightened, if he is that.

PASCAL.

### PROTESTANT CHURCHES AMONG THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF FRANCE.

Never have the Roman Catholic people been more disgusted with the superstitions of their Church, and the avarice of their priests, than at present; and never has there been a more favorable opportunity of preaching the gospel to them. This is what the Pasteur Napoleon Roussel proposes to do, by establishing churches in many parts of France. What he did in La Haute Vienne last year will give an idea of what he proposes still to do. Only a year ago La Haute Vienne had not a single pastor, nor a single Protestant church. M. Roussel went to a village which had shown a desire to embrace the gospel; after struggling for some months against the opposition of the clergy and the civil authorities, but with the concurrence and sympathy of the people,—evangelical worship was established and adopted by the entire of the inhabitants of the place—the church itself was delivered to the Protestant pastor—the Mayor attended the preaching—and the Roman priest was converted. Now, Villefranc has a pastor, a schoolmaster, two or three hundred hearers frequent the church every Sunday, and one hundred and thirty six pupils attend the school during the week. A similar work has been successfully done by M. Roussel at Balledent, at Limoges, at Ranconat, Thiat, at Clavier; and now these six churches, served by six pastors, present a population of six thousand persons, who hear, with more or less regularity, the preaching of the gospel.

It is a work of this kind that M. Roussel desires to pursue in other parts of France. He intends as he has hitherto done, to act independently of all societies, neither asking further direction, nor accepting a salary from any. If he is left without other resources than his own, he will not the less continue the work on a small scale. But if some brethren encouraged by the past, wish to help the work in future, M. Roussel

will give it an extension proportioned to the help that will be given. Thus, whether he may be alone, or have one or many assistants, he will build places of worship as he has done in the Haute Vienne, or preach in barns, extend or contract his journeys and his work. As soon as the church is established, M. Roussel places it under the direction of a Societe Evangelique, or of a National Church according to circumstances.

### NO COMFORT IN INFIDELITY.

The Boston Investigator of the 9th inst., contains an editorial notice of the recent death of Wm. C. Bell. Our readers will remember that this Mr. Bell was the agent in the free States of Cassius M. Clay's new paper, and that he presided over the famous infidel convention, held in New York in May last. He has been well known for the last twenty years past in Kentucky as a notorious infidel—one always willing to avow and defend his principles. He died in the interior of Pennsylvania, June 20th. It is said that he retained his infidel views to the last, and dictated a paper to that effect. It may be useful to notice the remarks which his death has occasioned in the origin of skepticism. The editor of the Investigator writes, 'We bid him adieu with a mixture of tranquil and painful reflections. We remember with gratitude that he lived not in vain; that he gave somewhat to the illumination of the public and the refinement of his age, more to the emulation and improvement of his co-workers, and most of all to the joy and satisfaction of those with whom he was connected by bonds of consanguinity and love. But the reformer lamented that such a portion of mind so devoted a friend of humanity is so untimely extinguished.'

There, reader, is the infidel hope! Friends who loved Mr. B. as a man, and admired him as a reformer, believe that his mind is 'extinguished!' He has lived out his brief day, and perished in annihilation! True, he had intellect, and one might have supposed, in an unguarded moment, that the 'portion of mind' which dwelt in 'so devoted a friend of humanity' would be found at least to have a nobler destiny than a dog, but no! such hopes are only pleasing illusions—that mind has been 'extinguished.' How differently the eye of faith views the exit of the Christian reformer from this world. Wilberforce was such a reformer; and we believe that his career of glory only commenced on earth, that he has gone to a wider and nobler sphere of action, where his mental and moral powers will develop forever. We believe that so far from having perished, he has only begun to live, and that he will shine as the stars while eternity lasts. Contrast the two beliefs, ye who are tempted to reject the religion of the cross, and to plunge into the doubts of infidelity. You may be flattered by ungodly companions for the time, but when you die, they will coldly say that your mind is extinguished. Does your immortal, aspiring, expanding soul welcome annihilation, and loathe the Christian's heaven?—N. Y. Evan. (Abr.)

### 'I HAVE DONE GIVING.'

These words made a great impression on my mind. 'Done giving!' said I to myself. Has he indeed? Has he given all? Has the disciple imitated the Master? Was he rich, and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? O, no! he has something left yet—perhaps is rich still—perhaps, through the favor of Providence, richer at this moment than he would have been had he never given anything. Who knows but his honoring the Lord with his substance has been the means of filling his barns with plenty? It may be bad policy in him to stop giving.

'Done giving!' Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language, and distributed in every land—a copy in every family—and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one? Have the poor ceased from the land? O, no! there are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give.

Well, does the man feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive?' Or has he come to the conclusion to give no more, from having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed; and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land, and into the world; and all the schools established;—and all the children taught to read; and all the civilization introduced; and all the asylums opened; and all the poor relieved? No good been done! Great good has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles and tracts can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore; and the conductors of our benevolent institutions have learned, by experience, that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet now, when a dollar goes so much further than ever before in doing good, will a man say, 'I have done giving!' It is just the time to go on giving.

Had I, for a moment, the ear of him who says he has done giving, I would ask him if he has done receiving—if God had done giving to him. 'Done giving!' Done lending to the Lord! Done sowing and watering! Done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased! Done making the widow's heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! So this is his determination.—Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant,

and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man! poor, with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he, who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He is enriched with abundance, but not with liberality.

### RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

There is, in many minds, a strong prejudice against polemic theology. It is said, 'that the voice of controversy should not be heard within the walls of the church, and that the disciples of Christ should bury their disputes in oblivion, and without minding differences of opinion, should dwell together as brethren, in unity.' But this prejudice is carried much too far. It is, indeed, to be regretted, that there should be occasion for controversy among the professed followers of Christ; and it is doubtless the duty of Christians, and Christian ministers, so far as in them lies, to live peaceably with all men. But they must not sacrifice the truth for the sake of peace; for they are commanded to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' The proposal to give up all controversy, when sincerely made, betrays great want of discernment. 'It is,' says the language of Dr. Dick, 'the suggestion of inconsiderate zeal for one object, overlooking another, of at least equal importance—accounting truth nothing, and peace every thing, and imagining that there may be solid peace, although it does not rest upon the foundation of truth. Often, however, it is intended to conceal a sinister design, under the appearance of great liberality; a design to prevail upon one party to be quiet, while the other goes on to propagate its opinions without opposition. Every man who has observed from what quarter these cries for peace most frequently come, must have noticed that they are as insidious as the salutation of Joab to Amasa, whom he stabbed under the fifth rib, when he took him by the beard and said, 'Art thou in health, brother?' Nothing is more obvious than that when the truth is attacked, it ought to be defended. If controversial theology be an evil, it is a necessary one; and let the blame be imputed to the men who have labored, and who are still laboring to pervert the oracles of God;—not to those whom a sense of duty has compelled to come forward and defend them against the rude assaults of presumption and impiety.'

So long as a large portion of mankind love darkness rather than light, error will abound, and be strenuously propagated, and it will be the imperative duty of those who love the truth, to defend it. If we look back upon the history of the church, we shall perceive that the truth has always had to fight its way in this sinful world. In the days of Jeremiah, 'the prophets prophesied falsely, and the priests bore rule by their means, and the people loved to have it so; and the true friends of Jehovah were called to contend earnestly for the truth. It was so in the days of Christ and the apostles. It was so in the time of the Reformation. It was so in the days of the Puritans. It has been so in every age, and will continue to be so, till the glory of the latter day shall be ushered in upon the world. Those, therefore, who condemn as wrong all religious controversy, without discrimination, should remember, that they pass censure upon some of the best men who have ever lived, and even upon the Son of God himself.—Christian Sentinel.

### TWILIGHT.

Twilight! How many pleasing associations cluster around this word. We may have lost an affectionate sister, and, at the close of the day, when there is a pensive calmness abroad, when the busy hum of the world has given way to the quiet stillness of evening, when all nature seems to share in our grief, we have gone to the grave, to pay our last tribute of love, and to cherish the remembrance of our departed sister, by weeping over her remains.

Or, perhaps, we have retired to the room she was wont to occupy, and there, seated by the window, gazing on the western sky, as it reflected the glories of the departing sun, have recounted the virtues of her we mourn, and felt an inward consciousness, that she was now taking part in scenes much more glorious, 'beholding the brightness of her Father, and the express image of his countenance.' Then, with a heart overflowing with emotion, we have knelt before God, and poured out our sincere gratitude for the confidence we feel, that He has taken our sister to himself, 'where is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

And when, unconsciously, we have risen from our knees, such a calm serenity has pervaded us, as 'none but he that feels it knows.' And as the shades of night gather around; as one by one the stars begin their nocturnal vigils, until the heavens seem one vast concave of sparkling gems, we have thought of that land where no night is; where 'they have no need of sun, nor stars; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'—Ch. Watchman.

### SENSIBILITY IN TROUBLES.

This sensibility is, by our great Creator, interwoven in our constitution, in order to exercise our patience and resignation. Let us then enter into his designs. Temptations are necessary for us; but let us remember he always proportions them to our strength. Those within, as well as those from without, all tend to crown us with victory, if we are faithful in the combat. Inward temptations are, however, more useful, as they more immediately humble us, and make us sensible of our inward corruption. Those from without, serve to show us the malignity of our neighbor, while those that proceed from within, make us sensible that we are as much depraved in our dispositions as the rest of the world.

Let us, with a humble confidence, bear the temptations that spring from our own hearts, as well as the storms we encounter from others.—Pride often renders us uneasy and dejected at the

experience of that inward opposition which proceeds from our passions; it wishes to have all in subjection, that it may glory in the combat, and behold with complacency its own perfection.

Let us all endeavor to be faithful, by turning our will entirely to God; let us in all tempests commit ourselves to him, who means to show us by them, the shipwrecks to which we should be exposed, did not his Almighty hand preserve us in them.

Should our frailty so far prevail as to make us voluntarily fall, then let us humble ourselves, and lose no time in returning to God; but let it be done with calmness and resolution. Let us, when fallen, rise again, and vigorously renew our course, without being discouraged at the sight of our folly.—Fenelon.

### HONORABLE CONCESSION.

COL. ETHAN ALLEN, the hero of Ticonderoga, though a brave and honored patriot, was an avowed deist. He wrote several works against Christianity, one of which, profanely entitled 'Allen's Bible,' has caused the ruin of many a young man, impatient of religious restraint.

While seated in his quiet home, glorying in the independence he had so bravely contributed to procure, and exulting still more in his imagined triumphs over religion, he was suddenly called to the death-bed of a tenderly beloved child. She had been well instructed by her mother, in the principles and duties of Revealed Religion; and at this trying hour it afforded her, not merely consolation, but triumphant joy.

When her father, whom she had ever regarded with respect and warm affection, arrived, and was bending over her couch, she threw her arms around his neck, and with a look of unutterable kindness said, 'Father, I am dying;—tell me,—shall I go into eternity, believing your sentiments, or what my mother has taught me?' The veteran, whom no argument had ever shaken, who had stood unmoved in the battle-field, surprised by her heavenly serenity and confidence, tremblingly replied, 'My daughter, my dying daughter, believe what your mother has taught you.'

How utterly worthless, at that moment, must have appeared all his boasted reasoning against a religion, which could thus give victory in death, by bringing life and immortality to light! And who, in such circumstances, would not say, Let me die the death of the righteous?—N. Y. Telegraph.

### GOSSIP.

In days long gone by there was, opposite where the Exchange Hotel now stands, that common resort of ducks and boys, a mud-puddle. One of the fathers of the town kept a store near by, and being something of a student of human nature, he thought struck him that he would endeavor to ascertain the difference between labor and amusement. And observing a flock of amphibious boys wading in the puddle one day, he called them to him, and told them he wanted to employ them to work for him the remainder of the day. 'What do you want us to do?' they shouted all at once.

'Do you think you can work for me if I will pay you for it?'

'O yes! O yes! What is it? what is it?'

'I want to hire you to wade in that puddle all day.'

'To wade in the puddle! Well, what will you give?'

'Why, I give men ninepence an hour to work for me, and I am willing to give you half price; I will give you fourpence an hour.'

'Fourpence an hour to wade in the puddle;—That is too little, sir,' said one.

'Rather too little, I think,' said another.

'Yes, it is not enough,' responded a third.

Observing now a smile upon the gentleman's countenance, they began to reflect. 'What could be his object if wanting them to wade in the puddle? It was work, or he would not offer to pay them for it. And it was wet work too, and he ought to pay them more than fourpence. Presently, they began to drop away one after another, and the gentleman soon found that his chaffers had dwindled down to a single one. And this one he dismissed with the following remarks:

'My lad, you now see what a difference there is between work and play. You have waded in that puddle day after day all the summer, and considered it play; now I offer you pay to do the very same thing, and you refuse fair wages because you consider it work.' After that day the gentleman never saw one of the boys wading in the puddle.—Bangor Gaz.

THE MILITIA OFFICER AND THE QUAKER.—

Gen. Samuel Fessenden of Portland, at a recent Peace meeting at that place, took occasion, says the Advertiser, to relate the circumstance of his conversion to Peace principles. He had formerly been a war man, and had passed through all the grades of military office from the corporal up to the command of a full division. He was on a certain occasion going to a Military Review—riding in full dress regimentals, when he chanced to meet an acquaintance, a Quaker. The latter appeared not to notice him as he approached, until he came so near that he was obliged to check his horse to keep from running against him. The honest Quaker then looking up to him with a peculiar significance, said—'Friend Fessenden, has thee got thy Christian armor on?' The words touched him to the quick, for he was then a professed disciple of Christ, and while riding to the field, and while reviewing his troops, with the multitude of brilliant bayonets before him, he thought of the Quaker and his 'Christian armor.' From that time he lost his interest in military affairs, and now ranks among the zealous advocates of Peace.

The indulgence of passion makes bitter work for repentance, and produces a feeble old age.—Bacon.











## Poetry.

From the Christian Citizen.

## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

"Without being too refined for common life, make common life susceptible of refinement."—*Miss Jewsbury.*  
 "Look on an empire: Mind,—and Nature, ours!"—*Mr. Hemans.*

The high commonings of the mind  
 Among the living forms of soul,  
 Nor time can chain, nor earth can bind,  
 Nor power control.

Light as the wing that parts the sky,  
 Their silent pinions swiftly move;  
 Piercing the wide immensity  
 Around—above.

Free as the air that chainless flies,  
 Speed they upon their soaring way;  
 Aerial mandates bid them rise,  
 And they obey.

Oh! mystic power that guides their flight  
 Through glorious realms of mental bliss;  
 Through Meditation's fields of light,  
 Thought's vast abyss:

Shrink they from those with whom their own  
 Life's beaten track? whose accents thrill  
 All discord on their hearts' deep tone,  
 A jargon still?

Lo! in the hallow'd realms of Thought,  
 What glorious fellowship they meet!  
 The good, the great, the heavenly taught  
 Their spirits greet.

Nor ages of the past alone  
 Their treasury of riches bring;  
 Each little moment of its own  
 Hath wealth's pure spring.

The sun-tipp'd cloud whose border lies  
 In brightness on the evening heaven,  
 The hour of morn's full harmonies,  
 To gladness given:

The common sky that spreads above  
 Its canopy of gentle blue;  
 The silence of the deep green grove,  
 Its flowers and dew:

The voice of night in storm and snow,  
 Or calling from the quiet sky,  
 When Luna's crescent pines the glow  
 Of stars on high:

All—all have meaning: language all,  
 Still speaking to the inner heart:  
 And the deep-feeling bosom call  
 To stand apart.

From earth's low follies,—from its strife,  
 From its unworthy things of love,  
 To seek the spirit's purer life  
 In God above.

In the high treasures He hath given,  
 Though seldom as with fervor sought,  
 Within that little earthly heaven,  
 The hour of Thought!

Pure keep that home! that He may bless,  
 And in His teaching, enter in,  
 Who guides, to Truth and Righteousness,  
 From sense and sin!

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,  
 And the voices of the night  
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
 To a holy, calm delight;  
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fift fire-light  
 Dance upon the parlor wall;  
 Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door,  
 The beloved ones—the true hearted,  
 Weary with the march of life!  
 With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
 Comes the messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine,  
 And, as she sits and gazes at me,  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars so still and saintlike,  
 Looking downward from the skies,  
 Utters not, yet comprehended,  
 In the Spirit's voiceless prayer,  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air,  
 Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Christian Secretary.

## THE ALPHABET.

PARABLE II.

A dissension and sedition arose in the republic of A B C. The silent letters complained that they could not be heard. The mutes concurred in the complaint. Eszard favored the aggrieved party, to avail himself of the disturbance in hopes to rise higher in the scale of literature, uneasy in being located next to Amperсанд. H said that he was allowed no sound at all, only a bare aspiration, while worshipping master A has five sounds. Ah! truly replied X, looking cross, he has a Benjamin's mess. The number of malcontents was considerably augmented by the addition of the liquids, who readily flowed into the stream of fault-finding.

A general meeting was called. The president, A, addressed the synod at some length. "I fear," said he, "much evil will result from this connection. It must prove disastrous to vocabularies, lexicons, and ruin the power of the press. From the days of Cadmus even until now was such a thing heard of, that our combination should be destroyed. Think what wonders have been effected by our joint power and union; the lever of Archimedes is a mere bulrush compared with us in our social compact. United, we are terrible as an army with banners; conscious of our

strength we may go on from conquering and to conquer. O! must our commonwealth share the fate of Babel by confusion and dispersion! How can we follow our beloved WALKER, unless we walk together? I adjure you my brethren, his strong emotion choked the rest—he ceased. I move, said vice-president B, that our disaffected brethren be requested to state their grievances by their deputies, or otherwise. It was voted. The speaker elect for the consonants arose and said: "Mr. President, we are grieved Sir, to be subject to the power and will of an aristocracy. I vow, the vowels are a titled nobility, especially U and I. I is always the first person, singular; and U will be second to none save I. We go for equal rights, not for favorites."

Z arose. "I think I have the floor, sir; for I am as low as I can be." "Raise your voice a little," said A. "Do stoop a little from your throne, Master Alpha," retorted Z, and perhaps you can hear him who humbly speaks from your footstool. Your elevation and conic form reminds me of the roof of a house; pray, are you placed above to shed the rain from your fellows? (on which O roundly called for order,) but Z proceeded: "Me thinks I see a cross-piece mid-way your acute angle above, and base below. Sir Alpha, 'tis a gallow, I trow, intended, we suppose, for those of us who do not choose to submit to your arbitrary sway. Ah, Haman thought to raise himself by means of his gallows; it did raise him, but it was fifty cubits higher than he anticipated." Z was silenced. Two powerful factions were formed. The vowels knew their strength and the consonants were proud of their numbers. The semi-vowels were undecided, favoring either party as interest might dictate. The diphthongs dipped a little into the debate, and you would pronounce their conduct sometimes proper, at other times improper. At length double U arose and thus addressed the chair. "I have an interest in both parties. When I begin a word or syllable, I am a consonant, in other situations I am a vowel. (Cheers.) If the union is dissolved, to which party shall I belong? for I can no longer carry double. (Laughter.) Y then arose. 'I fully concur with the brother who last spoke. I stand in the same relationship, id est, connected to both parties. And as my brother double U is the beginning of wisdom, and as wisdom at this time is profitable to direct, I move that he be requested to draft a resolution or propose some test which may harmonize the brotherhood and end our broils. It was voted unanimously.

Double U slowly arose. "I feel, Mr. President, that I need a double share of sagacity. I wish all the vowels to take seat by themselves on this side. Will the consonants be seated on the other side? Turning to the consonants, 'as you are the majority in numbers, will you spell TION without the aid of a vowel? Tried, but could not begin. (Sneers.) Addressing the vowels, 'will you make out the word without assistance from the consonants? The effort proved an abortion. Both parties gave it up. Double U then widening the space between them, requested they would each as they might be called by name, leave their ranks and come into the opening between. He next proceeded to make a detachment from each side. He called aloud, "U." U left the ranks and came into the space. "N." N stepped from the other party and stood beside of U. "I," leaving his dot behind to supply his place, arranged himself next to N. "O." O rolled like a boy's hoop directly into the arrangement. "N." N came and found a place next O.

Well, quoth double U, you have formed, by uniting your power, what neither could do without the other. Gentlemen, all you who can read, please pronounce aloud the word Union! What I have joined, let no one put asunder. He modestly retired and took his place between V and X. Each in turn took their proper place. Since that time, "Of making books there has been no end."

## MORAL.

Some members of churches, boards and bodies complain of neglect & aspire to places where their tact cannot raise them, nor talent sustain them. Envious to those who are above and disdainful to those who are below them, they sow the tares of discord, and laborers must reap the fruit of disorder.

## SEXES.

From the New York Evangelist.

## PERILS OF WHALING.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago, the captain of a whale ship was on a cruise in the Pacific Ocean. There were three boats attached to the ship. Early one morning a whale appeared. Two boats were sent to capture it. They fastened to the whale and were soon drawn by this monster of the deep, out of sight of the ship. An hour or two passed along, when suddenly another whale rose in the water, but a few rods from the vessel. The temptation, to attempt its capture, was too strong to be resisted. The captain ordered the only remaining boat to be lowered; and leaving but one man and two boys to take care of the ship, sprang into the boat with the rest of the crew. Soon the harpoon was plunged into the whale, and they were carried with almost the speed of the wind, about fifteen miles from the ship. Then the whale plunged perpendicularly down into the depths of the ocean. Soon they saw his fathom deep in the crystal waters, rushing up with open jaws to destroy the boat. By skillfully steering the boat, the whale missed his aim and thrusting his man's head some fifteen or twenty feet into the air, he fell over upon his side, and again disappeared in the fathomless sea. Soon he reappeared in the almost transparent abyss, again rushing upward to attack the boat. Again he was foiled. The third time he descended, and as he arose with invigorated fury, he struck the boat in the centre of the keel, threw it some fifteen feet into the air, and scattering the crew and fragments of the boat over the waves, again plunged into the deep and disappeared. The captain and the crew were now in the water, clinging to the pieces of the demolished boat. They were fifteen miles from the ship, and could not be seen from its deck. The other boats were gone they knew not where. Apparently every chance of rescue was cut off, and nothing awaited them but a watery grave. It was twelve o'clock at noon. The hours of one, two, three, four, five and six passed slowly away, and still they were floating almost exhausted upon the heaving billows of the Pacific. When the ship rose on the swelling seas, they could just catch a glimpse of the rolling spars.

"Oh how fervently I prayed," said one of these mariners, in afterwards relating to the writer the scene, "that God would in some way providentially interpose and save our lives!" I thought of my wife, of my little children, of my prayerless life, of the awful account I had to render at the bar of God for grieving the Spirit and neglecting the Savior. All the horrors of this dreadful death were forgotten in the thought, that in one short hour I was to render up an account to God for years of ingratitude and disobedience. Oh, thought I, if I were only a Christian, what a solace would it be to me as I sink into this watery grave."

The sun had now disappeared behind the distant waves, and the darkening shades of a dreary night were settling down over the ocean. Just then they descried, dim in the dusky distance, one of the absent boats returning to the ship. It was however, far off, apparently beyond the reach of their loudest outcries. Impelled by the energies of despair, they simultaneously raised a shout, which blended with the wash of the waves and the sighing of the breeze, and the boat continued on its way. Again they raised another shout. And it was also unavailing. The shades of night were deepening; the boat rapidly passing by them. Almost phrenzied at their terrible condition, they raised another cry. The sound of that distant shriek fell faintly upon the ears of the boatmen, and they rested on their oars. Another shout which almost lacerated their throats was raised, and the boat turned in pursuit. They were taken from the water and carried almost lifeless to the ship.

Such are the dangers which are continually incurred in the whale fishery. They are almost equal to the dangers of the field of battle. We often wonder that so many escape with their lives from the battle-field. And we equally wonder that comparatively so few perish in this most hazardous pursuit. A boat almost as frail as a bubble approaches the side of a whale, slumbering upon the ocean, sixty or eighty feet in length, and a harpoon is plunged into his body. His efforts to destroy his tormentors or escape from them are terrific. The ocean is lashed into foam by blows from his enormous flukes, which would almost dash in the ribs of a man-of-war. Often he rushes at the boat with lightning speed and with open jaws, and it is crushed like an egg-shell in his mouth. In this frightful warfare many are maimed, and many lives are annually lost. But many whales are worth between two and three thousand dollars. And this is indeed majestic game to hunt. But he who earns his bread through the perils and hardships of this pursuit, has truly a hard lot in life. He is but a transient visitor at his home. Amid the solitude of the ocean he passes the greater portion of his days. And if he survives the perils of his adventurous pursuit, the storms of the ocean and the pestilence of different climes he usually finds that the friends of his youth are all gone, and that he is almost a stranger even at his own fireside. And yet this mode of life has its privileges and its joys. And in the midst of the influences which surround the whale ship, many form the most noble characters of heroism and generosity, and find life's great end fully answered, in their preparation for that better world where the weary shall rest forever.

## THE DYING KISS.

I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct in my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me, and when I erred, (for I was a wild, thoughtless child,) there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness; and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, pressed me to her bosom and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a good deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, wont you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me to bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared that my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be if she would remain with me. She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fancying I saw her mild, fearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me

once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instruction of my excellent mother.—*Parent's Magazine.*

## "OPEN THE DOOR," "OPEN THE DOOR."

My little boy was just beginning to talk, and like most little fellows of his size, determined to make himself heard. Among his first words were those at the top of this article, "open door," "open door," wishing to go out or come in, Eddy's fingers would be heard knocking at the door, and his feeble voice crying "open door, open door."

Whether sleeping or waking, how it was, is unnecessary to tell here—these few words gave rise to a dream, which I shall try to narrate. It seems that I was falling into a gentle sleep after the pretty severe labors of the Sabbath, when outside the door of the room we heard little Eddy's fingers knocking, and the knocking accompanied with the words "open door." His situation I knew was a bad one for a delicate child like him. The day was rough and stormy. The wind howled among the windows. The dark night seemed approaching rapidly. But I did not stir; a sort of insensibility to his situation settled upon my mind. My heart's affections were not turned towards him. And yet I knew my duty. He was but a child—a little child—suffering in the cold, and I should have roused myself to action, and have rescued him. I was fully aware of his situation. Time wore away. His cry was now fainter—then louder—then very plaintive, "open door, papa; open door, papa." Some one else might have been listening to his cry, but the whole responsibility of his situation was for a moment pressed upon me, and then I turned my ear upon the pillow, so as to drown the sound. In all this I was perfectly aware of his situation—of my duty—of my remissness and culpability—and yet, strange, I could not move myself—at least I did not.

It seemed again as if a long time had passed—when a shriller note than ever pierced my ear—then a low moan; I partially waked, thought I could hear a gentle voice just at that moment speak to the child, and I had a strange perception of a female, poorly but neatly clad, whose pale but exceedingly benevolent face, seemed overshadowed with a look of pity at myself, taking the child in her arms, and bearing it away to some more comfortable place.

But that look of pity—how it pierced my heart. She had taken care of my child, whom I had cursed, neglected. He had stood by the door and knocked; he had called me by the most affectionate word he knew or had heard. I had listened some time but was unmoved to action. I had shut my ears, to avoid hearing his cry. I had known that he must be suffering, and yet had not relieved him. Some one else had taken my place, and had done my duty for me. I was in great distress of mind and heart now that he had been rescued by somebody else, and my distress was only heightened when these words fell upon my ear—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto me, one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

Good and useful lessons have sometimes been learned from dreams. When perfectly awake and satisfied of my dear little fellow's safety, I began to turn over the dream in my mind. That morning an agent of an institution, whose object is to promote the religious education of the poor and destitute children of the West, had presented his cause to us. The collection taken up was a very liberal one, and quite cheered him in his arduous and self-denying labor. The ten hundred thousand children of the West had a fair representation and a fair hearing. But I was exceedingly grieved to hear from him, that sometimes the churches did not open their doors to their cry. They cry to the fathers of the church, but they do not, or will not hear them. The rich grasp their money closer and penuriously shut it up in their pockets. They close their door against the suffering and the ready to perish. Oh that I could cry so loud that all would come to the rescue, that they may not experience in reality the sentence—"Inasmuch as you did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." S. S. Journal.

A HUMBLING THOUGHT.—These fondly cherished bodies of ours must ere long fade, wither, and die, and find a reception in the cold, cold grave. The fact must be a humbling thought to that proud, lofty, and aspiring individual, whose idol is his beauty, whose boast is the complete structure of his frame, and whose glory is, that he is more excellent than his fellow.

CHARITY OF JUDGMENT.—I have erred myself like the rest. I have found reason to love and honor men on every side. Many of my own most decided opinions, I have lived to change; to think my own best weighed and disinterested actions mistaken. How then shall I judge others, who have need myself of so candid and indulgent a judge.

## THE FINERY OF WAR.

Halt! Attention! Present arms! One man speaks the words, and, as if by mechanism, a thousand men "obey him. Yes! look down the column, that long extended line of red and white, crowned by steel and feathers. Every limb, every muscle, move like limbs and muscles directed by one mind, and yet there are a thousand minds, a thousand wills, a thousand hearts throbbing with manhood's feelings and emotions, yet all curbed, checked, pent up, giving no outward mark of their presence more than if they were naught, than if the flesh and nerves which clothe them were so much steel and brass. It is a great thing to see machinery imitating man, lever and crank apeing muscle and sinew; but it is too great a thing to see man imitating machinery, muscle and sinew apeing lever and crank. Attention! 'Tis a serious rank, compact, regular as a mathematical diagram. Legs, arms, muskets, sabres; the same forms, the same movements,

every pulse beating, every eye glancing, but as discipline ordains. Crashing past with ringing arms and tramping horses, a whirlwind of gaudy trappings, gay plumage and sparkling steel, a body of cavalry flies past. Their array seems more loose, but 'tis in appearance only. The trumpet is their word of the mouth and not only the men but the brutes they bestride, can interpret the language. To the right, to the left; halt! forward! rings from out the brazen or the silver tube, and the docile steeds and the docile men, equally well disciplined, think as little, the one as the other, of the why and wherefore, but obey, faultlessly, mechanically obey. And then the loud melody of martial music comes ringing through the air, a spirit-moving strain! A march, a triumphal march, in all its cadences, all its bursts of rich harmony, talking of glory, pomp, and lying while it talks! Why not interpret martial music aright! It might be done. An ear morally tuned might hear amid the breath of melody, mournful wailing shrieks, such as surgeons shrink from, when the scalpel is deep in the flesh; the lamentations of despairing men and women muttered lowly; a roaring as of burning homes; and anon when the strain ceases, a silence, like the silence of deserted hearths!—*Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

AARON BURR AND JACOB ASTOR.—Many years since when Aaron Burr was about to leave for England, he sold his mansion and about twenty acres of the pasture and woodland, to Mr. Astor, for \$50,000, subject to redemption on his return, by paying the interest. Burr was Mr. Astor's lawyer. Years elapsed and he came back. In the meanwhile, it had been graded; streets laid out, many improvements made, and consequently the property greatly enhanced in value. Burr told Mr. Astor he proposed to take the property and refund the money with interest, to which Mr. Astor, of course, objected. The writings were examined, and the stipulation struck Mr. A., with surprise. The matter was compromised by paying Burr an additional \$50,000. The same property now is worth many millions of dollars.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror.*

At a Court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and for the District of Suffield, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1845.

Present, HARVEY BISSELL, Esq. Judge.  
 On motion of Elihu S. Taylor, Administrator, on the estate of Julius Harmon, late of Suffield, within said district, deceased, this Court doth appoint the 4th day of August next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Probate Office in said District, for the hearing, allowance and settlement of the Administration account on said estate—and doth direct said Administrator to give public notice to all persons interested in said estate, to appear (if they see cause) before said Court, at said time and place, to be heard thereon, by posting said order of notice on a public sign post in said town of Suffield, nearest the place where the deceased last dwelt, and by advertising the same in a newspaper printed in Hartford.

Certified from Record, HARVEY BISSELL, Judge.

Suffield, July 7th, 1845.

**PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
 N. Y.—Office North side State House Square, in Exchange Building. This Company was incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut with a capital of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of effecting Fire and Marine Insurance, and has the power of increasing its capital to half a million of dollars.  
 The Company will issue policies on Fire and Marine risks, on terms as favorable as other offices.  
 Application may be made by letter from any part of the United States, where an agency is established. The Office is open at all hours for the transaction of business.

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## TERMS.

Subscribers in the city, furnished by the City of New Haven, pay \$2.00 per annum. Papers sent by mail, at \$2.00, payable in advance. A discount of twelve and a half per cent. is allowed for payment in advance. Advertisements will be inserted on the terms of the City of New Haven. All communications on subjects connected with the paper, should be addressed to BURR & SMITH.

## CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

We have been requested to publish a letter, which was written by a minister of the Presbyterian church and addressed to his congregation in the hope that it may be the means of leading some who are wandering in the right way some who are wandering in the wrong way.—*New Haven Record.*

Dear Sister,—There is nothing of which I am more certain than that there is no preparation for heaven. Nothing but the righteousness of Christ. This is a sentiment generally borne out by the Scriptures. I have often seen our attachment to our own feelings and graces bestowed upon us by Christ, and either make our religion as fickle as our frames, and as despond and fear lest we have no Saviour when he is carrying on his own work. It is truly astonishing to me that I should have been so long in coming to this conclusion. I have taken a view of myself from the first twelve years and a half in difficulties, wretched self-righteousness, firmly believing that I was through grace, and yet I get that Jesus alone could save the sinner made application to him with tears, and his assistance over and over, his faith in my hand, pointing me to trust my Saviour, but my poor self-righteous soul, wanting in me to entitle me to him, kept poring on my own feelings and experiences, not how to trust a Saviour's power, went on comfortless, almost always even and seemingly never able to find, nothing but my own feelings, I thought that felt so and that should be saved, but always that he that believeth shall be saved. I became a prey to every remaining belief in me. For my life I could not keep, and every sin destroyed my preparation. My dependence was in a holy heart—I found I was carnal, sold under sin. I often cry—O, wretched man that still I never went so far as to thank Christ's sake. How have I sincerely my dear child of God going on thus, engaged in his own feelings, but never Him who alone is able to save.

We cry up evidences of religion. "God we had more evidences than we could base it, it is on a legal score, to trust a thousand of the best evidences that put into a sinner's heart, or refuse to Christ when we can not see those evidences. How often do we sit down and despond, feel corruption, or when overtaken with the true reason is, we are unwilling to Christ without some holy principle. Whenever we think ourselves think Christ will have nothing to do with stay back till we pray, confess, repent, while in a better way; then we imagine come forward, and if we happen to fall on the way, we turn right back and we faces and weep and mourn till we wipe crime—then we come to Christ, desiring nothing for our acceptance with him, penitence, tears and reformation, and continue in a pretty lively frame we almost to call Jesus our Saviour; but we get into darkness and coldness, or sin, we are all despondence and doubt.

This is the wretched race I run of years; depending all on my own work, work in me, and not on himself, who he to do all things for me. I dragged wading through darkness, temptations, and no wonder, when I had no deeper anything but what I had in hand, an thought I had nothing; and I looked no support to my hope in future.

When I feel a good evidence, I have confidence in Christ. I am trusting to that and when I have confidence in Christ, then I feel that my evidence is the only my hope, and I am still recommending him, and trusting to this recommendation not to Jesus. O the wickedness of my what little faith is given to God's word, our hope is in our own exercises.

Thus far, twelve years, experience in me, the last two of which I spent in tribulations and distress, which I studied of faith for life and death; and I thought on it the less I knew about it, persuaded that if any man buy his knowledge as dear as I did, he will thank when he gets it.

After two years anxiety, preaching, bath, awful apprehensions of eternity, that I knew nothing of the Gospel, all despair, searching the Scriptures to know, was, and what would become of me, God to bring me out of an abyss of darkness, the blaze of assurance. I always thought evidences I was to know whether I was

\*Rom. vii. 14, compare with vii. 5-8.  
 \*Rom. vii. 23, 24, compare with i. 2, 3, 10.  
 \*Rom. ix. 31, 10, 3, and ref.